

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A Monthly Unitarian Journal.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

OPENING OF NEW UNITARIAN CHAPELS.

—During the past few months four new buildings have been opened for Unitarian Christian worship, at Leicester, Glossop, Peckham, and Buxton.

ENLIGHTENMENT NEEDED. — A faithful correspondent sends us the following:—"A young man a short time ago spoke to me of having met me with one of the attendants of our chapel. I said, 'Yes, he is a Unitarian.' 'Unitarians,' said he, inquiringly; 'they don't eat meat, do they?' 'That is not it,' said his companion; 'when they die, they don't believe they have got any souls, and die like dogs.'"

MISSIONARY TESTIMONY. — A missionary, who has just returned from the South Sea Islands, after a forty years' residence among the islanders, declared to us, a few days ago, he had never met with a man or woman, all these years, that had not some religious ideas. He has witnessed, also, great improvements through the adoption of Christianity. What a noble sacrifice to the cause of religion is such a life!

RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY AND REVIVALISM. — The annual report of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum has just been published, and is a most able and exhaustive paper. A striking feature is that under the head of melancholia. The number admitted was 88, or 70 per cent. in excess of the average of the past five years, many of these cases being desperately suicidal. With regard to the most striking feature of this report, namely, the great increase in the number of patients from Edinburgh, and the fact that that increase was mostly due to acute cases, and of the class of melancholia, there is some reason for connecting it with the great wave of religious excitement and revivalism which passed over the city last spring. We hear from other sources that the number of cases of insanity among the better classes due to this cause was very remarkable. —

British Medical Journal.

RELIGIOUS INQUIRY MEETINGS. — The Rev. Mr. Hammond—a chief actor in these scenes—says, "There is a good deal of spiritual flirtation in the inquiry meetings."

METHODIST PROGRESS. — The Methodists of America open one new chapel every day of the year. They number ten thousand travelling ministers, and a million and a half of Church members in the United States.

PROTESTANTISM IN PALESTINE. — According to the last reports, Protestantism is gaining ground in Palestine. In Galilee alone there are said to be from five to six hundred converts, and an equal number of children in the Protestant schools.

A FREE CHURCH. — The large pretensions to freedom now over the portals of some churches caused one of our friends to enter one of these buildings a few days ago. He writes:—"They sang and prayed; some read passages of Scripture and commented on them. There was no one appointed to officiate. Any one who chose prayed, read, or spoke, and when there was a pause no one was called upon; they waited in silence until one arose and prayed. Then pieces of bread about half a pound each were handed round on plates, each communicant *breaking* off a piece. Then the cup followed. The congregation as near as I could estimate, was about two hundred. From what I could gather from their service and learn from inquiries, they hold the doctrines of *original sin*, the *atonement* by the penal sufferings of Christ, *salvation for all who will accept it*, *final perseverance*, eternal punishment, the *trinity in unity*. A Mr. B—, who appears to be their chief or leader, was my principal informant. After he had answered my inquiries, he asked me if I had ever belonged to any religious party. I told him I was brought up a Wesleyan. But he pointedly asked, 'What are you now?' I could but tell him, 'Unitarian.' At that word he stood aghast. "They are not Christians at all," he said. Then, after kindly warning me of my danger, assured me that all Unitarians would go to hell."

AN INTERESTING FACT.—The Welsh annual Unitarian meetings held at Cwm-bach a few weeks ago were all openly announced in the pulpits of the Trinitarian churches of that place, and some of the clergy attended the meetings.

"ROCKS AHEAD."—A favourite topic now for lectures, &c., is "Rocks Ahead." We hope a favourite pursuit of our people will be to keep clear of the rocks, for it is easier to descry dangers than to save the people from them—the latter is the nobler office.

THE REV. BROOKE HERFORD IN AMERICA.—At the Boston Festival, he said: "I shall take back to my friends in England the cordial welcome which awaits them when they come over here, and I can assure you of the hearty welcome they will all give to any of you whenever you shall go there. I hope many of you will go to our little island. It is not very big, but you need not be afraid of falling off, if you will only keep sober, and we will give you a hearty British welcome. We cannot show you such grand churches as you have here; I don't think we can show you such a grand festival as this; but we will show you a band of brothers and sisters, who are speaking the same truth, and fighting the same battle, and working in the same cause, and mean to work on until they win (Loud applause)!"

SURGEON ON SALVATION.—Some of his hearers, he remarked, had probably been converted within the last few weeks under the influence of the services conducted by his dear friends, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, at the Agricultural Hall, and people were asking were their conversions worth anything. He implored them, if they professed to have found Christ, not to make a sham of it, and said their salvation, if it were worth anything, should be a salvation from sin. Salvation from hell was not the salvation they ought to cry after, but salvation from sin, and that would bring salvation from hell. A thief would like to get salvation from going to prison, but the only salvation for him that was worth having was salvation from thieving any more. They must ask God to give them a new heart and a right spirit, and though there never were truer words uttered than, "believe in Christ and thou shalt be saved," yet, for all that, as his friends Messrs. Moody and Sankey would tell them, if their believing did not save them from sin, it was not that sort of belief that would save their souls." This is just what we Unitarians have been preaching all along. That salvation meant this, and this implied everything to fit man for earth and heaven to the Christian man.

COURAGEOUS.—We have recently heard of a clergyman of the State Church who opened, in his own neighbourhood, the services of the Unitarian Meeting by the hymns, lessons, and prayers. We are not authorised to say more than this, lest the information should get so liberal a minister into trouble.

AN ARCHIEPISCOPAL FAST.—On the day when the Irish Church Synod decided to omit the damnnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, Archbishop Trench had promised to dine at the house of a friend. But no sooner was the decision of the Synod announced than he immediately wrote to his intended host, declining to fulfil his dinner engagement, as the event of the morning was no call to feast, but rather to fast and mourn.

ON PREACHING.—The *Unitarian Herald* recently offered the following wise counsel to the Unitarian ministers of our country:—"Some of those old truths would indeed often help more in the building up of men and women than the hasty enunciation of the latest 'intuition' the minister has been favoured with. It is his duty not only to keep abreast of his times, but to lead them, if he can; yet he will never do this unless he learn to keep his 'new views' until he has looked at them all round, and in many lights. We are losing the spirit of brooding. Nothing is gained by the untimely utterance of unripe thoughts—except a doubtful notoriety for hitting out at random. Congregations want spiritual help, far more than intellectual novelties."

UTILITY OF TRACT DISTRIBUTION.—A friend to whom I sent some Unitarian tracts, and who had never before heard anything but orthodox teachings, writes:—"I remember once many years ago asking a Christian minister if he thought the happiness of those in heaven would be diminished by their knowing their friends in h—. He said, 'No, it would not interfere with them at all; their happiness would be so perfect, so complete, that nothing would be allowed to do that.' It is a subject on which I had often thought. I know those leaflets you sent me express quite the contrary. I have read down the one on Unitarianism, and certainly, as far as I can see, there is nothing opposed to the teachings of the Bible. Before I ever heard of Unitarianism I had often thought of God as Supreme, though I had not liked to say so to any one, as I thought they would not understand what I meant, and would also be shocked at my want of reverence for the name of Jesus. It struck me as remarkable when I first saw those tracts on Unitarianism that others were of the same opinion."

CHANNING AND SWEDENBORG.—Since the year 1838 the Swedenborgian Society has circulated—through much advertising—10,059 volumes of Swedenborg's works. During the past five years over 30,000 volumes of Channing's works have been circulated; at least 4000 of the above have found their way into the hands of orthodox ministers.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS' MEETING, DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.—Soon after the recent assembly had come together, a gentleman rose and said, he had been brought up as a Friend, but had been away, and now he had come back with a message from the *angel world*, against the most cherished prejudices of the society. The message was short, but he believed it came direct from the angel land. He denied the saving efficacy of the *blood* of Christ, the divinity of *Christ*, &c. &c. He believed in *One God!* Great sensation was caused.

A RETRACTION.—Some of the American orthodox papers were calculating that Dr. Bellows, Dr. Freeman Clarke, and others would soon join the orthodox ranks. The *New York Observer* now confesses:—"Whereas we said a few weeks ago that the number of Unitarian ministers who are 'coming' toward the orthodox in their views might be reckoned *on the fingers of one hand, without counting the thumb*, this is to withdraw that remark, and to substitute for the last clause these words, 'on the fingers of one hand, without counting the thumb, the fore finger, and the little finger.'"

PASTORS' WIVES.—Let your pastor's wife alone. Do not make her the subject of criticism. Find no fault if she does not work in the Sunday-school, or does not spend all her afternoons in visiting the families of the chapel. Do not forget that she has household cares that are as important to her as yours are to you; that the interests of her family demand her presence at home, and that if these home interests prevent her from doing work as a Sunday-school teacher, it is very unjust as well as unkind to sit in judgment against her. As to her visiting, she is not your pastor, but your pastor's help and companion. His interests, and the family interests, and the wife's personal interests are to govern the use of time, and not the exorbitant demands of the parish. Her duties are responsible and arduous. Visit her to cheer her and comfort her, not to criticise her. And when she visits you treat her with such confidence and kindness as will secure for yourselves a place in her heart of hearts and will bring down the blessings of heaven upon your own souls.—*Recorder*.

DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT.

—The great problem of the age is how to disestablish and disendow the State Church, in a way that may do good, without doing harm. We commend to our friends interested in this matter the pamphlet of Mr. James Hoggood, London. It is an admirable solution of this knotty question.—Address H. Y. Brace, 37, Norfolk-street, Strand, London; enclosing six penny stamps.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LITERATURE.—Our American brethren are not afraid to import a little of their Unitarianism into their Sunday School work. The *Register* says, "The *Mayflower* is a brisk and lively sheet, fragrant as its name, and musical as a *Nightingale*. It carries the flag of the Apostles, claiming that their creed is the foundation-stone of the Unitarian Churches. 'Building on this foundation, each Unitarian has a mind of his own; but, with great variety, there is little contrariety—a real and grand unity.' Which, we take it, holds true of most sensible people, regardless of names."

THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES, OR FORTY.—The *Quarterly Review* relates that the late celebrated wit, Theodore Hook, was taken to Oxford under the guardianship of his brother, the late Dr. James Hook, Dean of Worcester (author of *Pen Owen* and *Percy Mallory*), to be entered in that university with a view to education for the bar. "He carried the spirit of rebellious frolic with him. When the Vice-Chancellor, noticing his boyish appearance, said, 'You seem very young, Sir; are you prepared to sign the Thirty-nine Articles?' 'Oh yes, Sir,' answered Theodore, briskly,—'quite ready—40, if you please.' The dignitary shut the book; but the brother apologised—the boy looked contrite—and in the end the ceremony of matriculation was completed."

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.—As our Unitarian brother, the Rev. Mr. Hepworth, of New York, was leaving our ranks and uttering hard things of Unitarians, he said:—"Hardly a week passes, certainly not a month, in which I do not receive letters asking for money for this (Unitarian) church and that. They are threatened with the sheriff's hammer and the auctioneer's flag; and no wonder, for the people are forsaking them." It is pleasant to see that in the popular denomination of which he is now a minister he is saved from all such distressing demands upon his sympathies. As reported in the *Tribune*, he stated at the recent congregational council that the debt of his Church of the Disciples is only one hundred and eighty thousand dollars (£30,000).

PATIENT WAITING.

MARY C. BARTLETT.

ELIZABETH's baby died, and she turned her back upon the sunlight, and sat herself down in the darkness and the gloom, seeing nothing but a little white face, and two plump, waxen hands clasped tightly; thinking of nothing but the stillness of the sweet lips, which had kissed hers so often, or the silence of the musical prattle which none but a mother's ears had ever been able to interpret.

Her husband kept his own sorrow unselfishly out of sight that he might lighten hers. Sympathising letters came, and were coldly read and laid aside never to be answered. Callers came; some, it must be confessed, from a morbid curiosity, to see how Elizabeth could bear trouble; others, with a shrinking and a dread, which nothing but a stern sense of duty could have overcome; others still, taking her grief home to their own hearts, ready to weep with her, ready to comfort her too, if she would let them; but of all these she saw not one.

"Never was there sorrow like unto my sorrow," her breaking heart cried daily; and her face became pitiful in its sadness, and more pitiful in the hard, half-defiant look of the weary eyes.

"I cannot make it seem just, or kind, or merciful," she said one day to the only friend who ventured into her chamber. "Other women keep their babies, but mine—my only one—my dear little birdie—" here came a flood of tears, in which Martha joined, for she too had loved the "birdie" with all her heart.

"We cannot comprehend the Infinite," she said solemnly, at length, picking up the tiny shoe which had fallen from Elizabeth's lap. "Other women lose their babies, too, dear. The world is full of aching hearts, and God wills it so."

"But it seems so easy for him to make everybody happy."

"But there's another life, Elizabeth. Can't we wait a little while for that?"

"Perhaps we could," sighed the mother; "but we have to stay here so long, so many, many days."

Martha started up as if a happy thought had occurred to her.

"Leave your trouble just for this afternoon," said she, "and come with me."

"Leave my trouble?"

"Yes; take with you only pleasant memories. You have so many, Elizabeth."

"Where are you going?"

"To a reception."

Elizabeth drew herself up, and her tearful eyes were full of an unspoken reproach.

"It's only dear old Aunt Eliot's birthday. She likes to be remembered."

"But I have not been invited."

Martha laughed.

"Neither have I. That makes no difference. Her heart is large enough for all."

Elizabeth took from the bandbox her black bonnet and veil.

"Perhaps I might as well go," said she, indifferently.

Thankful even for this ungracious acquiescence, Martha gave her no time to change her mind. Half an hour afterward they stood upon the steps of a large house in E—— street.

Elizabeth's courage failed. "I cannot go in," said she, pleadingly; "let me go back, Martha."

But Martha paid no heed. They went upstairs into a pleasant parlour, where stood a tall, stately old lady, looking benignantly down upon a couple of shorter sisters, with whom she was chatting pleasantly.

"Is that Aunt Eliot?" whispered Elizabeth.

Martha nodded.

"How old is she?"

"Ninety-six years."

"Ninety-six years!" So near the other life! Elizabeth's eyes grew dim. "If, by reason of strength, they be fourscore years," she whispered softly to herself; then added, speaking her thought aloud, "She doesn't look as if the 'labour and sorrow' had come to her."

"But they have in years gone by, and even now she has her trials. How does she look, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth gazed at the sweet old face, lighting up as its owner spoke to each

new comer, giving to each a hand which seemed almost young again, so cordial was its hearty greeting. She forgot to answer Martha's question.

"How does she look, Elizabeth?"

"She looks as if her feet were set up—up—beyond the snares and the pitfalls; beyond the hard, rough places. She looks like a queen crowned with her own white hairs."

"Come, and let me introduce you."

"Will she like it?"

"Of course she will. Did I not tell you her heart had room for all?"

They went. Martha took the old lady's hand, and instantly into the kindly eyes came the bright look of welcome.

"I am very glad to see you—and your friend too. She was very kind to come—a stranger also."

Elizabeth tried to speak, but the words which came to her seemed all too common-place. She was silent.

"She thinks you do not look as if you had seen the 'labour and the sorrow,' auntie."

The old lady laughed a pleased, musical laugh; then the faded eyes became thoughtful and dreamy, as if they saw only memories.

"You cannot live as long as I have without seeing a great deal of trouble," said she, quietly. "When my husband died I thought the world was a dark place to live in; and when my little girl went—just think; she would have been seventy years old now, and she's my little girl still."

Elizabeth grasped her hand. "And you have lived without her all these years."

"Yes, I had to. I didn't think then that it would be so long, or I shouldn't have had the courage; but now I wouldn't have the time shortened a day—not one single day."

"How did you bear it, auntie?"

"Well our old minister came (nowhere near as old as I am now though), and he said to me: 'Don't keep thinking of the good times you might have had with her, Hester; but thank God for the good times you have had with her. Then take a long look forward, and think of the time when you'll have her again.' So I tried to do it; but I

found myself thinking always of the other world, and longing and hoping to go. Nothing here seemed of any account at all. One day he came in and found me crying over one of her little dresses, and he said: 'You're going wrong, Hester; you're going wrong. We mustn't sit down and wait for heaven, as we sit and wait for the stage to come for us when we're going on a journey; there's work to be done while we wait. We must be up and doing. The time won't seem so long then.' So I looked round for the work, and I found it; people always do, I think. It was pretty hard at first, but it did me good, and seemed to bring my baby nearer."

"It won't be long now," said Elizabeth, softly.

"No," replied the old lady, "God is good. I must go soon; but whether He takes me or leaves me, He is good."

They moved aside leaving their places for others. Soon all voices were hushed, and all listened reverently to the prayer offered from the full heart of the pastor, who was one of Aunt Eliot's most valued friends. Then a hymn, an offering from the same kind heart, was sung. The old lady listened with grateful, pleased attention.

Then the pastor laid his hands tenderly upon the bowed head, and invoked a fervent benediction. Elizabeth looked on through her fast-falling tears.

"We must go," said Martha, gently, when the buzz of conversation was resumed. "Let us say 'good-by' to her."

Again they found themselves at Aunt Eliot's side. She held out her hands, half cordially, half regretfully.

"Must you go? Well, good-by—good-by. We shall meet again here, I hope. But if not, we can wait. We're all waiting together. That's pleasant, isn't it?"

Elizabeth could not reply, but she put up her lips like a tired child. The old lady kissed them tenderly, her eyes full of pity for the sorrow, of the nature of which she was ignorant. Then the two friends went out into the bright sunshine, and the cool, clear air.

"Come upstairs with me, Martha,"

said Elizabeth, when they reached the house.

They went up into the darkened chamber, but Elizabeth threw wide open the shutters, letting in a flood of golden sunshine ; then from a tiny crystal vase she took a little bunch of withered flowers, which she had treasured carefully, and laid them upon the burning coals.

"I don't need these. I have so many reminders of my baby ; and if I hadn't one could I ever forget her ? O, Martha ! that dear old lady's kiss was a benediction ; a real ' God bless you ! ' I'm going to look for my work now. I shall find it, too ; I'm sure of that. There are so many people left in the world, Martha ; and just think how I've been forgetting Walter !"

And Martha left her friend with a heart full of thankfulness that her experiment had not been a failure ; thinking gratefully the while of her whose added years did indeed seem a precious benediction to her friends.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE following hints from a Sunday School teacher will help to make a teacher's meeting successful :—

1. Plenty of teachers who come cheerfully.
2. A delightful place to meet in.
3. A well-selected evening when most people can come.
4. The use of the same passage of Scripture for a lesson ; the lesson to be the theme of the evening study.
5. A leader who has sound common sense ; pastor, superintendent, or anybody else.
6. A hearty desire to study.
7. A Bible in the hands of each person present.
8. A good stock of maps and scriptural help-books ; but not enough commentaries and such helps as to confuse.
9. Genial acquaintance and cordiality among the teachers.
10. The spirit of prayer for God's blessing on the work.

The above might be read with advantage at your next teachers' meeting.

FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

EVERY one knows how important flowers are to insects ; every one knows that bees and butterflies derive the main part of their nourishment from the honey or pollen of flowers ; but comparatively few are aware, on the other hand, how much the flowers themselves are dependent on insects.

Yet it is not much to say if flowers are very useful to insects, insects, on the other hand, are in many cases absolutely necessary to flowers ; that if insects have been in some respects modified and adapted with a view to the acquirement of honey and pollen, flowers, on the other hand, owe their scent and colours, nay, their very existence in the present form, to insects. Not only have the brilliant colours, the smell and the honey of flowers, been gradually developed under the action of natural selection to encourage the visits of insects, but the very arrangement of the colours, the circulating bands and radiating lines, the form, size, and position of the petals, are arranged with reference to the visits of insects, and in such a manner as to insure the grand object which renders these visits necessary. Thus the lines and bands by which so many flowers are ornamented have reference to the position of the honey ; and it may be observed that these honey guides are absent in night flowers, where they would not show, and would therefore be useless.

The pollen, of course, though very useful to insects, is also essential to the flower itself ; but the scent and the honey, at least in their present development, are mainly useful to the plant in securing the visits of insects, and the honey also sometimes in causing the pollen to adhere to the proboscis of the insect. Among other obvious evidences that the beauty of flowers is useful in consequence of its attracting insects, we may adduce those cases in which transference of the pollen is effected in different manners in nearly allied plants, sometimes even in different species belonging to the same genus.

Many flowers close their petals during rain, which is obviously an advantage, since it prevents the honey and pollen

from being spoiled or washed away. Everybody, however, has observed that even in fine weather certain flowers close at particular hours. This habit of going to sleep is surely very curious. Why should flowers do so?

In animals we can understand it; they are tired and require rest. But why should flowers sleep? Why should some flowers do so and not others? Moreover, different flowers keep different hours. The daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset; whence its name, "day's eye." The dandelion is said to open at seven and close at five. The "John-go-to-bed-at-noon" opens at four in the morning and closes at noon, and in some parts of the country farmers' boys regulate their dinner time by it.

Now, it is obvious that flowers, which are fertilised by night-flying insects, would derive no advantage from being open by day; and on the other hand, that those which are fertilised by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. Nay, it would be a disadvantage, because it would render them liable to be robbed of their honey and pollen by insects which are incapable of fertilising them. I would venture to suggest, then, that the closing of flowers may have reference to the habits of insects, and it may be observed, also, in support of this, that wind-fertilised flowers never sleep.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

PLAIN ATTIRE AT CHURCH.

1. It would lessen the burdens of many who find it hard to maintain their place in society.

2. It would lessen the force of temptations which often lead men to barter honour and honesty for display.

3. If there were less strife in the matter of dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend.

4. It would enable all classes of people to attend church in unfavourable weather.

5. It would lessen on the part of the rich the temptation to vanity.

6. It would lessen on the part of the poor the temptation to be envious and malicious.

7. It would save valuable time on the Sunday.

ABOVE THE STORMS.

ABOVE the storms and thunder-jars
That shake the eddying air,
Away beneath the naked stars,
Rises the Mount of Prayer.

The cumbering bars of mortal life
Here break and fall away,
And the harsh noise of human strife
Comes never: Let us pray!

Here, Lord, may thy serenest light
Reveal my nature true,
And all the pages dark and bright
Lie open to my view.

I've mingled in the battle-din
That shakes the plains below,
And passions born of earth and sin
Have left their stains, I know.

How silent move thy chariot wheels
Along our camping ground,
Whose thickly folding smoke conceals
Thy camp of fire around!

We tremble in the battle's roar,
Are brave amid its calm;
And when the fearful fight is o'er
We snatch thy victor palm.

On surface knowledge we have fed,
And missed the golden grain;
And now I come to thee for bread,
To sate this hunger pain.

No gift I bring, nor knowledge fine,
Nor trophies of my own;
I come to lay my heart in thine,
O lamb amid the throne!

"All that the Father hath is mine,"
Thus does thy word declare,
So the full stream of Life Divine
Flows from the Godhead there.

The tree of life in mystic rows
Stands in eternal green;
Out from the throne the river flows
In crystal waves between.

Ambrosial fruits hang o'er the waves
That pour their cleansing flood,
Thy fount of love the heart that laves,
And fills with royal good.

That good I seek, yet not alone
The hungered heart to fill,
But as the angels nigh the throne,
Made swift to do thy will;

Thy will, unmingled, Lord, with mine,
That makes all service sweet,
And, charged with messages divine,
Puts wings upon my feet.

No need to trim my taper's blaze,
 No need of sun or moon ;
 The glories falling from thy face
 Make my unchanging noon.

—E. H. Sears.

PRAYER covers the whole vast sweep of religious experience, from the first glancing of the mind toward something better than itself, from the faintest sigh for a better life, which follows our consciousness of sin or imperfection, up through all the religious experience of the human soul, through all the longings and aspirations, the inward fighting, struggling and striving, the repentance, the growth in goodness, up to the glad communion of the soul with God, to a delight in his works, and in his providence, to a conscious oneness with his life. We see the sweep of it; the experience of our own souls and of our neighbours and of mankind, recorded in the world's religious literature, opens to our sight this range of prayer and religious consciousness. Poets and prophets point out its heights to us; and the saints have risen to them. "I thank thee, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," comes from the holy heart of Jesus—that is the height of prayer. But in the history of humanity and in our experience, that height is rarely reached save in thought and aspiration; but it is well for us to look at it, and refresh ourselves with it, though it may seem far from our everyday and common state of mind. Because it is rare, let us not think it the less true.

Perhaps our common state of mind, if we are believing persons—and a state not unknown at times to most people accounted infidels and sceptics, is that expressed in the prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief,"—a prayer whose seeming contradiction is so true to our experience; "I believe"—I turn toward thee with a presentiment that thou art there, and that thou art my God; "help thou my unbelief"—for my faith in thee is so dim and wavering, so unformed, and unintelligible to myself, that I know not if it be belief. "I believe (yet), help thou mine unbelief."

That is the state of mind of most of

us, I suppose; at any rate, very frequently, we believe; we have our hearts turned in that direction, our faith influences our actions, yet it is mixed with unbelief, with much doubt and perplexity and marvelling of mind, even where the faith is strongest; and it is necessarily so, for our religion and prayer connect us—finite and imperfect creatures—with the Infinite, the perfect One; and not until we rise into the knowledge of him and of his ways and providence, can our belief become free from all unbelief; and here on earth we know only a part, a small part.

The consummation of our prayer is when, through our upward striving, through our aspiration, through our study of God's order, and beauty, and harmony of his eternal word, through striving to conform to his will and to know his nature, we rise, at last, through struggle, and failure, and disappointment, and a humbling of our pride, drawn by the power of God, into gladness of life with him.

In the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus says, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, . . . for so it seemed good in thy sight." That is the consummation toward which all our prayers tend. Not alone submission and resignation to the will of God, but a glad communion of spirit with him—a co-working love and conscious unity of life with him—that is the summit of our prayers. Far off as that may seem to our common experience, we have most of us, or all of us, I think, at some rare moments, had prophetic hints of this eternal life, which is oneness with God; and, in better and holier men than we are, we see this divine communion more plainly shown, and in Jesus Christ above all. Out of his holy heart came those words of conscious joy in the will of God.

Toward that living and personal communion with the unseen and perfect Father tend all our prayers and aspirations. Then shall we know the real communion with him, when our full hearts say with Christ, "I thank thee, O Father, . . . for so it seemeth good in thy sight."—*Francis T. Washburn.*

MUSIC IN EDUCATION.

WHEN we listen with delight to the sweet, inspiring strains of music, that issue from human lips, from cunning instruments roused by human hand, or from any source whatever, we but exercise a faculty, or indulge a taste, that we possess in common with our kind.

After the meagre supply of the merest physical wants; there is nothing that has power like music, to move the hearts of all alike.

There are among the motley throng inhabiting this world of ours, many who can look unmoved upon the grandest scenes in nature, and listen stupidly to the most godlike eloquence; who can witness human suffering and sacrifice with no answering throb of sympathy, and see no beauty in picture or statue. There are souls so dull—or rather, souls that are and have been so unfortunately surrounded by crushing circumstances, or that have misimproved their opportunities—that they are unable to comprehend with their undeveloped powers, the vastness of the beauty and power represented in any of these things.

But there is something in music, that they all understand and appreciate, as it were by common instinct. The aged and the young, the refined and degraded, the wise and the unwise, are swayed by the power of song as by nothing else. All forget their peculiar troubles and cares. The ragged child is no longer miserable, but for the time is clothed, and warmed, and at home. The poor girl who gave her last penny to one more needy than herself, and the vagrant boy who knows not where he shall obtain his next meal, or find lodging for the coming night, listen with no thought of to-morrow's need. The aged forget their hoary hairs and painful step, and the young their vanity, mischief, and eager hopes. The wise think not of their learning, nor the unwise of their ignorance. The proud drop their haughty looks, and the wicked in pursuit of evil ends pause and listen, while the downtrodden and humble look up with sudden conviction that they are God's children, notwithstanding all. This is the miracle of song.

This love of sweet sounds, so univer-

sal, is all one with that love of peace, order, beauty, and truth, in which the noble and truly educated soul lives, moves, and has its being. This love is one of the natural characteristics or attributes of the human soul. It lies to a greater or less degree dormant in all, but in all it is awake to the influence of harmonious sound, however insensible it may be to beauty of another kind. One, it is true, enjoys more intensely than another. One may be able to give but little expression to the harmony in his heart, he may have as little desire as ability to sing or to play himself, yet he enjoys according to his capacity the music that he hears, while another may compel the world to pause and listen with rapture and awe to notes that seem inspired of heaven and worthy of an angel's lyre.

The simplest music is that which sways all. The greatest artists enjoy the perfect unpretending harmony all the more keenly for their superior culture and taste, and those wholly unskilled, understand and enjoy it all the more easily for its simplicity. True music is one form of the soul's native language. No interpreter is needed. Wherever the notes are heard, they are understood alike by the people of each clime. This universal and innate love and appreciation of harmony is to me a beautiful proof of the revealed truth, that man is created spiritually in the image of God. Marred and defaced the image is, by human wickedness, yet strike this chord in any heart and it fails not to give quick and earnest response. Beautiful emblem this, and assurance too of the hidden sympathy, and unsevered relation, which all humanity bears to the universal harmony which God has ordained as the final result of his government.

The art of music is the one which is nearest divine. This inwrought taste, or natural gift, crude as its manifestation is in most cases, may be indefinitely and successfully cultivated. There are few, if indeed any, who cannot learn to sing or attain some degree of proficiency in the science of music, if their education is commenced early enough, and is conducted with even moderate skill.

I remember several years since taking my seat in the midst of a vast audience which had assembled at the call of one who was understood to be an enthusiast in music. Many nationalities, all ages, all possible temperaments, and all the various degrees of culture were represented in the crowd. We were assured that all people could sing, and ought to sing; and that it was the easiest thing in the world to make them sing. We all loved music. We should all sing in heaven. We might go on our way there, with songs in our hearts and upon our lips, as well as with everlasting joy upon our heads. Soon, there were distributed among us printed sheets of music. A few moments of instruction followed, and soon to our mutual astonishment we found ourselves—all of us—singing together, and singing correctly. We sang all the evening, tunes both new and old, and when at last we rose with one accord to go out, and sang those grand old words, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," there was no heart unmoved, and no silent or inharmonious voice. I feel sure that all who were there must remember that occasion still, as I do, as one of the happiest hours of life. This is an example of what might be if people could be induced to co-operate with leaders who are imbued with the spirit of their work.

I have often recalled that evening's singing, as an example of the singing that we ought to have, in all our churches, and that we could have if the musical talent of the masses could be reached and cultivated as it ought to be.

The musical faculty should be cultivated not only because its exercise is one of the most exquisite of pleasures, but because it is a most potent means of intellectual and spiritual elevation. Whatever has power to arrest general attention, to move the masses, may be used for good. What lever have we like the power of music?

Music is indeed a powerful ally to all good works and objects. The teachers of music are doing no common work, and they should have every aid extended to them that the hearty co-

operation of the people can supply. How often is the hand of iniquity arrested by the elevating influence of music. How is order restored as by magic in a turbulent crowd, when good music is introduced. How all hearts join in one when some sweet familiar song is sung, how their hopes rise, and they feel more strongly the claims of faith and charity. Gather the vicious, destitute children from the city streets, and notice how they look with indifference upon all your maps and pictures, and turn a deaf ear to your words of counsel and instruction; but ask them to join in song, and what intense interest you see at once, how the eyes sparkle, and how the soul that you thought almost wanting, glorifies every little face; and the lessons you would teach you can put in the words of the song and be sure they will not be forgotten.

When it is wished to rouse the populace to a white heat of patriotism or zeal, you must put sentiments that appeal to the popular mind into fitting numbers, and set the numbers to music, that can touch the popular heart, and your object is attained. The children of the day school will study with double diligence, and learn with double facility, if the dull hours are interspersed with song. Even the multiplication table will quickly lodge itself in the brain of the dullest boy or girl, if you set the tedious columns to music.

The educating, ennobling, uplifting power that good music could be made to be among the children of men can scarcely be estimated. This power has always been recognised to some extent. The Bible calls our attention constantly to the value of music, and the duty of cultivating it. God speaks to Job of the time when the morning stars sang together; and "everything that hath breath" is called upon to join in the harmonious anthem of praise. Scipio in pagan story dreams of the music of the spheres, and a most glorious vision is unfolded to him.

All who have to do with music are the better for it. They are not perfect, it is true, but they are better than they would be without that knowledge and practice. A knowledge of harmony in music has a tendency to promote har-

mony of theory and practice in all things.

Let then the voice of song be heard in every house. Let the piano, organ, harp, and guitar, lend their inspiration and aid if you will; but, let us have all the people—as a means of education and of growth toward all that which is truly noble and beautiful—trained to give expression to the sweet strains that their souls in their better moments hear. For they are the natural language of peace, joy, and purity of heart, and they approach unto that perfect harmony which we cannot separate from our ideal of the order, light, and beauty that dwell in home as it should be on earth, and in heaven above.

A. J. CHAPIN.

“BEST THINGS.”

• The best theology—a pure and beneficent life.

The best philosophy—a contented mind.

The best law—the golden rule.

The best education—self-knowledge.

The best statesmanship—self-government.

The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.

The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy way.

The best way to war—to war against one's weakness.

The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.

The best journalism—printing the true and the beautiful on memory's tablet.

The best biography—the life which writes charity in the largest letters.

The best mathematics—that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

The best navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rocks of contention.

The best diplomacy—effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.

The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.—*Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy.*

THEODORE PARKER NOT PERSECUTED BY THE UNITARIANS.

WE have so frequently heard that the Boston Unitarians persecuted Parker; we transfer the following paragraph from a very interesting work to our pages on this matter:—

“There never has been an attempt” among Unitarians “to impose silence on honest and decent speech. They who have been pained by what others have said, who were connected with them in ecclesiastical relations, have disavowed responsibility or participation, and have strenuously resisted the imputation to a religious body, without their consent, of the belief or disbelief of any member of that body;—was this wrong? The Unitarian ministers of this or that Association never excluded or persecuted Mr. Parker. They refused to be made responsible for his opinions by any conventional position in which they were placed, and they claimed the right—the same which they accorded to him—of declaring and defending their own convictions. This was the height of their offence against Christian liberty—an offence which proved them to be its consistent vindicators. The unhappy feelings of that period—for such feelings there were—have passed away; but the history of that period has been unfairly told, and I wish here and now, for the sake of the younger members of this congregation, to bear my testimony, founded on a close acquaintance with the facts of that time, to the open, honourable and Christian treatment which Mr. Parker received from his brethren. If they disliked his theology, if they thought it inadequate and unscriptural, might not they copy his example of frankness? Had they practised deception, I should not have a word to say on their behalf. They but exercised the right—of which, on his side, they had neither the power nor the desire to deprive him—of announcing their dissent from what they on theirs held to be unsound doctrine. That right has never been relinquished or betrayed. It is as sacred to-day as it was twenty or fifty years ago.”—*Rev. Dr. Gannett: Memoir, p. 333.*

UNIVERSALIST BELIEF.

REV. ERASMUS MANFORD thus epitomises the belief of Universalists:—

WHAT UNIVERSALISTS BELIEVE.

1. They believe in one God—not in a trinity of Gods.

2. They believe God to be the Father of mankind, hence all are his children, and that neither life nor death, time nor eternity, can sever that relation.

3. They believe God is good, merciful and just to all, and that he ever will be.

4. They believe that God is the governor of the universe, and that all men are amenable to his law; if they do well, they are rewarded; if ill, punished; but he will not torment eternally for the sins of this brief life.

5. They believe salvation is through faith and works—not Jewish works of the law, but Christian works.

6. They believe salvation is from sin, corruption and spiritual death—not from an endless hell.

7. They believe men should love God, because he loves them; be truthful, from the love of truth; just and honest, from the love of justice and honesty—not from fear of eternal woe.

8. They believe God will have all men to be saved; and, being unchangeable, that ever will be his will. He will not shut up millions in hell for ever.

9. They believe the Bible contains a record of God's revelation to man—not that every word of it is a revelation.

10. They also believe that God is now revealing himself through our own soul, and through all nature.

11.—They believe that Jesus is the Son of God and Saviour of the world; that he was God manifested in the flesh, and is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

12. They believe that man in his essential nature is in the Divine image, and that when the house he now lives in returns to dust, he returns to God. Returning to dust is death; returning to God is the resurrection. Earth claims its own; heaven claims its own.

13. They believe that in heaven there are "many mansions," and that each goes to his own place. As the sun, moon, and stars differ in glory, so with mankind in the "many mansions," and that these differences there result from the life lived here.

14. They believe that this view of the results of our earth-life tends to make men live here righteously.

15. They believe that men are depraved by *practice*, not by *nature*, and that there is good in all.

16. They believe that, finally, depravity will yield to purity, sin to holiness, error to truth, damnation to salvation, death to life, hell to heaven, and that God will be all in all. Amen.

17. They believe that men are now and ever will be free agents.

18. They believe that God calls on all now, and ever will call on all, to come up higher, higher, higher, and that all should strive to think higher, act higher, live higher—be Christ-like in spirit and character.

19. They believe that all will finally heed the Divine mandate, and walk in the ways of salvation.

20. They believe all should be Christians every day in the week, and in all the vocations and relations of life—Christian fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, &c.

This is the sum and substance of their faith; and is it not Christian, reasonable philosophy? Study it, practise it, and God will bless you now and for ever.

REVIVALS AMONG CHILDREN.

LAST month we gave some account of this work among little children; we add a few more words descriptive of one of these meetings from the *Liberal Christian*, which copies a report of the Rev. Mr. Hammond's revival work.

He gets a band of young sinners (ranging from four and five years of age and upwards) on the front seats, and then begins to frighten them out of their poor little wits with pictures of their depravity. One conversation between Mr. Hammond and "a sinner of six" is thus reported:—

"How old are you, my boy?"

"Six, sir."

"Have you signed the covenant card?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you love Jesus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you love him, dear?"

"Because he first loved me."

"Were you a great sinner, pet?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you felt very sorry for your sins?"

"Yes, sir."

"What sins did you commit?"

"Sir?"

"What did you do that was so wicked?"

"I forget, sir."

"You see, dear children, that the little boy could not remember all of his sins, but by his intelligent answers showed that he fully understood the great plan of salvation."

Among the interesting tales with which the revivalist illustrates his preaching are the following:—

"There was a little wee bit of a duck, only two days old, and its mother was a hen. As soon as the little duck saw some water it began to toddle along to it just like this. [Here the reverend speaker imitated the waddling of a duck across the stage, amid loud laughter.] Now, children, the little duck knew what was good for him. And now, my dear children, you should take to Jesus like ducks to water."

"Once a man had a little daughter four years old who was very naughty. So one day he tied her hands together, and taking a big knotted whip lifted it to strike. The little girl screamed with terror, and said, 'Papa, this will kill me.' Then he said, 'If Lucy, your big sister, takes this whipping instead of you, will you love her?' 'Yes, I will love her all my life.' Now, children, Christ has taken upon himself the punishment of your sins, and you must love him, too."

What can be said of the man who makes the religious life a horrible burlesque, and deals with the most profound truths in a way calculated to turn every thoughtful person away from them in disgust?

THE GOOD AND EVIL OF REVIVALS.

As the revival season is now over, and the leaders are on their way home, we may fairly review the work which has been done. Like all human things it has presented, at least to us, aspects

both good and evil. We shall first notice the good, for this always is a pleasanter duty than that of dwelling upon the errors or failings of neighbours.

(1) **IT HAS DRAWN ATTENTION TO RELIGION.**—Unquestionably it has been a kind of trumpet call to the subject of religion. The daily reports of the meetings and the attention the press of the country has paid to the movement have quickened up the thought of people everywhere on this momentous topic of true religious thought and life. Maybe the revivalists have said many foolish things; yet they have aroused hundreds of thousands to think. It is said that the alchemists, with all their absurdities, set the world to the study of true chemistry. Alchemy has therefore been called the foolish mother of a wise daughter; may we not say something equally charitable and true of revivalism in its relation to pure Christianity?

(2) **MANKIND VALUE RATIONAL RELIGION THE MORE.**—Of this we have no doubt. Of all people Unitarians have the least to fear and the most to hope for at a time of revivalism. Many writers on the history of Unitarianism in America date the rapid growth of Unitarian sentiment from the time of the great excitement of Whitfield and others.

(3) **CHRISTIAN UNION.**—It is no small gain to the Christian Church any movement that can make the many Churches one. We have noticed in this revival the clergy and the people of nearly all Churches acting in unity. True, we have not been invited to take any part. If we had, we could not have done so. Yet every Christian man and woman has reason to rejoice there are efforts of a religious character that can join the multitudinous sects into one. The miserable feuds and strifes of sects, which hinder them from seeing the pieties and charities of each other, are a thousand times a greater evil than any revival extravagances.

(4) **MORE HUMANITARIAN VIEWS.**—Many of our ministers and people have remarked that Mr. Moody has not entirely cast off the Unitarian sentiments he imbibed in his youth. It is

said that he always feels least at ease when he is descanting on hell.

(5) A SIMPLER THEOLOGY.—Ministers and people may think what they like of salvation by creeds. Moody would no more think of asking his hearers to repeat or believe the Athanasian Creed than to join the Unitarian Church. He keeps to one saving force—believe in the blood of Jesus Christ and be saved. It is well to have error reduced from thirty-nine articles to one.

(6) PROTESTS AGAINST THEIR THEORY.—They have made so much of their one article of faith—blood—that this has raised protests among the so-called orthodox. Dean Stanley, Mr. Braden—the successor of Mr. Binney—and others, have preached open Unitarianism in opposition to this theory of the literal blood of Christ being supposed to save men. Here we have auxiliaries in the great work of a more Scriptural and rational explanation of the death of Christ.

(7) REFORMATION OF SOME.—No sensible person can doubt but that they have been the means of changing the course of some wicked men. Indeed, the fact is patent. This ought to be a cause of joy to every one of them.

(8) CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.—We now touch the chief instrument of their success. The ungodly leave behind them the bad companionship and influences which have been their ruin. They are introduced, in a moment of fear and excitement, into a new fellowship, and a better one. These devout friends seek to associate their converts with a Church, and thus they become sober, religious men and women.

(9) THE INFLUENCE OF ZEAL.—We are all improved by proximity to zealous, active, industrious movements. Our besetting sin is lack of zeal, warmth, energy, and persistent endeavours. No one can watch the morning, and noon-day, and nightly meetings of those people engaged in "saving souls" without feeling some admiration for them, and being more ready and liberal to promote views of religion in greater harmony with reason and common sense.

The above are a few of the aspects on which we may all look with complacency on the revival movement; but

now we turn to a less enjoyable task, to point out some of the evils, to us as palpable as darkness at midnight.

(1) ERRORS AND TERRORS.—It is lamentable, in many of the meetings, to witness how much of the preaching is to excite fear. It is a kind of coercion; and must, in some cases, lead thoughtful men to condemn religion.

(2) UNDUE EXCITEMENT.—Mr. Moody and his friends would, perhaps, plead not guilty of encouraging excitement. It is encouraged, and this and that agency is resorted to, so that the excitement may be kept up. They forget that the soundest conversion is that which is based upon a calm conviction of error and a desire after a better life; for it is a fact, that wherever men act through any strong excitement, the effect generally passes away with the cause.

(3) INSANITY RESULTS IN SOME CASES.—We have had before us more than one clear case of insanity resulting from the frightful stories that are told at such meetings. The people are terrified by the pictures of suffering in hell. It is said that the returns of the insane asylums have shown a large increase during the revival mania.

(4) PHARASAIC CONDUCT.—Any careful student of the New Testament must observe how desirous the Saviour is to protect his followers from Phariseeism. What numerous displays of this are witnessed at revival meetings. "Pray for my unconverted father," says a boy, or "My mother," says a girl. Pray that grace may be given to this or that person. What is all this, but the old tale, "I thank Thee, I am not as this publican?"

(5) SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.—This is much the same evil as the one just named. The men and women you meet with in the full exercise of the revival spirit at one moment are deploring their state as that of the chief of sinners, the next as that of the saved and sanctified. Any one can observe there is a pride of profession not less offensive in the disposition that confesses sin as claims saintship.

(6) INSTANTANEOUS CONVERSION.—One can scarcely credit that any person could believe that pious affection, vir-

tuous aims, and the highest religious character, can be attained in the twinkling of an eye. Yet large masses of people are addressed as if this were a reality. They can go into the revival meeting sinners and come out in one hour or less saints. One hour death would have hurried them to hell, the next hour death will convey them to Heaven. This is a serious delusion; as if it needed not the whole of life to make fit preparation for a future state.

(7) BOASTING AND EXAGGERATION.—

It is said that Mr. Moody started for England to save ten thousand souls, and accounts are daily given of the great ingathering into the Church, and the number who have been saved, &c. &c. And this spirit of boasting evidently pervades the whole movement; it leads men to say more than they think, and to profess more than they feel. Often a kind of rivalry in what is called spiritual experience goes on in such circles. Mr. Moody was so far carried away with this as to intimate that some one in the north had fallen down dead after speaking against this revival excitement. The place of this sad occurrence could never be verified.

(8) MORAL QUALITIES AND CHRISTIAN GRACES DEPRECIATED.—

The greatest of all the christian graces is certainly, according to the revival theory, believing in the blood of Christ. All else appears to be but "filthy rags," so they term personal righteousness. Now this is a strange perversion of the teaching of the Bible. Christ has said that all who hear and *do*, build upon a rock. Doing is called by them a dangerous thing. We rejoice to think that the majority of the revivalists are good men and women: yet it is true that they have this misleading way of exalting faith above charity. There are other evils; but sufficient for the present. We regret we can put our finger on one. We all need more enthusiasm, more zeal, more virtuous activity, more personal devotion to the cause of christian truth and goodness. If the revivalists have in any degree promoted these excellent qualities we shall then afford to forget the evil, which is transient, and remember the good, which abides for ever.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

A POEM FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old mouse said, "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
'Nonsense!' said the other;
'I don't think that you know;"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped, as quick as wink,
Catching "mousy" fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stray.
She said, "I'm not a baby;
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but Mister Fox,
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon, like snow, her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she was a supper
Ere the sun did sink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think!

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside,
And hop upon the floor.
'Oh no!' said the mother:
'You must stay here with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
'I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
'I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
'Fore he'd time to blink;
'Oh!' he cried, "I'm sorry;
But I didn't think!"

Now my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink;
And don't go over headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

DEFEAT.—What is defeat, nothing but education—nothing but the first step to something better.

LIKE A CHILD.—"My son," said a mother to a little boy four years old, "whom above all others will you wish to see when you pass into the spirit world?" "Goliath!" shouted the child, with joyous anticipation, "unless," he quickly added, "there's a bigger feller there."

THE MAN WHO SUCCEEDS.—Jean Ingelow thus happily describes: "The man to follow any cause, let it be what it will, is he who loves it well enough to fling to it everything he has in this world, and then think that not enough, and so fling himself after it. This last item often weighs down the scales held in heaven, and the man gets what he gave himself for."

PLAIN LANGUAGE.—The London correspondent of a country paper, we think, does not do justice to the progress of knowledge in the following paragraph:—"Owing to the multiplicity of school boards, and the consequent march of intellect, a new nomenclature is coming into fashion. On our boardings and deadwalls, instead of the once familiar 'Stick no bills here,' one now reads, 'Affix no placard,' and in place of 'Rubbish shot here,' appears '*Débris* of miscellaneous character may be deposited in this locality.'"—*Letter from London.*

A WAY OF USING THE BIBLE.—We dare say that it is no uncommon thing for polemics to hit each other on the head with texts, but with the whole Bible at once is not so desirable. It is said that the minister of a parish in the north of Scotland had been entertaining at dinner a clerical friend from some distance. The evening was unpropitious, and the friend was invited by the minister to remain during the night, and had accepted the invitation. They walked together for some time in the manse garden. At dusk, the minister asked his visitor to step into the manse, while he would give directions to his man servant in regard to his friend's conveyance being got ready in the morning. As the stranger entered the manse, the minister's wife mistook him for her husband, in the twilight; she raised the pulpit Bible, which chanced to be on the lobby table, and bringing the full weight of it across the stranger's shoulders, exclaimed, emphatically, "Take that for asking that ugly wretch to stay all night!" How the lady looked on discerning her blunder is not related; but the visitor is understood to have relinquished his invitation of tarrying for the night.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.—A little four-year-old created a ripple of laughter by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday-school class, "Our dog's dead. I bet the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He's cross to strangers."

RITE AND WRONG.—The practices of the Ritualist parsons are calculated seriously to mislead and delude the ignorant masses. It is probable that there are many uneducated persons who fully believe that Ritualism is another word for what they often spell riteousness.—*Punch.*

FIRE IN CHURCHES.—A clergyman, being applied to in less than a year after his appointment to put a stove in the church, asked how long his predecessor had been there; and when answered, "Twelve years," he said: "Well, you never had a fire in the church during his time?" "No, sir," replied the applicant; "but we had fire in the pulpit then."

STRIKING ARGUMENTS.—The cushion thumping propensities of Bishop Burnet often excited the profane merriment of Charles II. He told him, on one occasion, as he descended from the pulpit, after preaching at the Chapel Royal: "If my doubts were not removed by the force of your arguments, my lord, I should be instantly silenced by the weight of your fist."

COMPLIMENTARY.—A curious slip, at least, so we presume it to be, occurs in a catalogue issued a short time ago by a well-known bookseller. A work on Zylography—block printing at the beginning of the fifteenth century—is catalogued, which is said to contain "sixty-nine engravings either from wood or metal, twelve of which bear inscriptions representing scenes of Christian mythology, figures of patriarchs, saints, devils, and other *Dignitaries of the Church.*"—*Athenæum.*

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